Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London,
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day ouercast,
This sodaine scab of rancour I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I proue a needlesse coward:
But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?
Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hat,:
But come my Lo: let vs away. *Enter Hast, a Pursiuant.*
Hast. Go you before, Ile follow presently.
Hast. Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it please your Lo: to aske.
Hast. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.
Hast. Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that: *He giues him his purse.*
Pur. God saue your Lordship.
Hast. What sir Iohn you are well met, *(Enter a Priest.*
I am beholding to you for your last daies exercise:
Come the next sabaoth, and I will content you. *He whis-*
Enter Buckingham. *(in his eare.*
Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest (priest,
Your honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.
Hast. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lord?

Buck.

Buc. I do, but long I shall not s
I shall returne before your Lordsh
Hast. Tis like enough, for I stay
Buc. And supper too, although t
Come shall we go along?
Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, wi
Gray, and Vaughan
Ratl. Come bring forth the pris
Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me
To day shalt thou behold a subie
For truth, for duty, and for loyalti
Gray. God keepe the Prince fr
A knot you are of damned bloud
Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh t
Fatall and dominious to noble pe
Within the guilty closure of thy w
Richard the second here was hack
And for more slaunder to thy dis
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse bl
Gray. Now Margarets curse is
For standing by, when Richard st
Riu. Then curst she Hastings, th
Then curst she Richard. Oh rem
To heare her praiers for them as
And for my sist er, and her prince
Be satisfied deare God with our t
Which as thou knowest vniustly
Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the
Riu. Come Gray, come Vaug
And take our leaue vntill we mee
Enter the Lords
Hast. My Lords, at once the c
Is to determine of the coronation
In Gods name say, when is this ro
Buc. Are all things fitting for
Dar. It is, and wants but nomi
Riu. To morrow then, I guess
Buc. Who knowes the Lord p
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